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of *belles-lettres* follows upon an acquaintance with modern languages. It is not in the nature of things that the area of study should now be circumscribed, for the American mind is too strong, too hopeful, for restraint.

We believe in this cultivation of a taste for Art will be found an antidote for many of the evils which now afflict society. If men are too money-loving, it will soften their hearts and open their purses for other things beside palaces of marble and a coach-and-four. If women are trifling, it will give them something to talk of, and prove a loving *study* for them. If children are listless and forming impure tastes, it will steady their attention and instil in their young hearts a love for the Beautiful ere the hateful passions creep in to get possession of their better natures. Surely, if this is the "mission" of Art, it should find friends, if not devotees, in every home; and it should be the earnest endeavor of every parent and citizen to aid the educational system by introducing the study of Perspective and Drawing and painting into the common schools of the land.

The Cosmopolitan Art Association proposes to lead in this movement for a dissemination of Art-taste, by sending abroad, through its distribution principle, works of Art to become seeds of the tree which is to bear rich fruit. Though the field is large, very large, it is not so great but that we can reach *homes* in every section of it; and as, year by year, we gain in strength and the numbers of our patrons, so shall we extend our labors and benefits over the country for the country's good. Few great institutions of beneficence to the public have sprung into a full existence except through gradual steps, cautious advances, and command of the public sympathy; and those of most gradual growth are surest of long life and general excellence. With this fact for encouragement, our Association labors on, year by year increasing its attractions, thus adding to its usefulness, and increasing the public sympathy in its behalf. A few years hence, its influence will be felt materially through all portions of the country, should no ill fortune intervene to prevent the full accomplishment of its purposes. Does it not become every lover of progress, every conservator of public morals, every friend of Art, to wish us well in our enterprise, and to bid us God speed?

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.



HE happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine;—the rich have not all the privileges, nor the poor all the privations. Thank God, the purest pleasures of life are those which money cannot buy. The artisan, going from his wearisome labor to his humble home, as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife, and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulants can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wild-wood flowers and the dew-drops are not bought; the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all. The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of affection cannot be purchased; virtue and beauty receive not their glorious riches from the hand of Mammon; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world.

It is true that the bride-groom working-man, as he bears his bride to their lowly home, longs, with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornments which her prouder sisters use to heighten their charms; but it is a foolish, though generous impulse. If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those whose love of rivalry, display, and "pride of place" have most likely driven out simple, heartfelt happiness. The radiant smile of affection, and the clear glance of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in its old age.

So, the working-man father, looking around upon his blooming children, is conscious that their intellect is as keen, their perceptions as ready, as those of the nabob's upon the next street; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But, in these days, it is no reason why a man should spend his years in grumbling discontent, because he is not rich. Our system of common schools places education within reach of the humblest. With mind and education, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve *respectability* in this country; and it is a false ambition

which would seek the power and honor conferred only by money. Yet, that son or daughter may have yearnings after the development of peculiar talents or genius: the son may thirst to drink deep of the Pierean spring of classical learning, may have a *gift* for a profession (without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the professions); and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or have dreams of melody, which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music.

With health, a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible gold-fever which scorches the sensibilities, and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

There is still another class who feel yet more keenly the want of wealth; not for the petty pleasures of sense, or the local influence it would give them, but because they worship the Beautiful, and money would give them the means of gratifying their exquisite tastes. With souls aspiring after grace, fitness, and beauty, in all things, they have to struggle with the details of life and poverty. These are the people of genius—poets, artists, men of divine, unworldly gifts. They would convert the glorious Ideal into the Real, if they had the necessary means. They are fretted by the coarseness and ugliness from which they cannot escape; yet they are self-deceived if they do not consider themselves among the most fortunate, as far even as happiness, commonly considered, goes. We doubt not that the painter in his unfurnished garret, with his coffee-pot and loaf of bread, and his hard bed in the same room with him, is filled with a richer pleasure, as he sits, and dreams, and broods over the creation of his genius upon the canvas before him, than it is possible for the wealthy egotist, who buys it of him, to conceive. We doubt not that his Art—his beloved, worshiped Art—is more to him than pyramids of diamonds. Ask him if he would exchange himself, his hopes, his dreams, his ideals, his fine perceptions of beauty, his deep emotions, for the withered soul of yonder Croesus, who has spent his life in accumulating bonds and mortgages, rents, and interest upon interest.

And the Poet—will he say that he has ever entered the portals of any Fifth Avenue palace, that could begin to equal

the splendor of the unearthly palaces through which his imagination daily walks? Will he give up the materials from which he constructs these—gold of the sunset, marble of the clouds, silver of the starlight, gems of the dew and waterfall, draperies of intangible mists and inexpressibly lovely shadows, spray and foliage, with all the delight which they give and the beauty which they suggest—for the brown stone mansion of the millionaire? Will he not say that his day and his night dreams, his fancies, his earnest aspirations after the pure and true, his deep sympathy with the heart of humanity, his mighty store of lore, his keen delight in all that is fair, his broad and boundless realm of feeling and imagination, where angels walk, and visitants, more beautiful than flowers, linger to smile upon him—will he not say that *these* are beyond price—a wealth which he has inherited from the Father in Heaven?

The scholar and the scientific man—will they measure their pleasures along with those of the sensualist and the epicure? Yet, for what nobler purpose are the most of these fortunes acquired, than for indulgence in good eating, good drinking, rich clothes, a showy house, and for the means of rivalry, arrogance, and ostentation?

A good fortune, well spent upon objects of real merit, upon works of Art, the cultivation of the mind and soul, upon the poor, the sick, and upon the struggling men of talent, upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, is a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes!

Take heart, you who belong *not* to the throng of the vulgar "great!" Re-consider your fortunes, and see if you have not cause for true thankfulness. Press not on so madly for the glittering payment. Do you not see how you trample out the flowers by the wayside? Why will you be so unmindful of their fragrance upon the air, and of the blue heaven over your heads?

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It has been truly said, that the most splendid and interesting productions of Nature and Art, are, in fact, the common property of all mankind. The poorest laborer has an actual interest in the best part of his wealthy neighbor's estate. The glories of ocean, earth, and sky, belong to all able to enjoy them.

POWER OF DEFORMITY.



E descanted upon the Power of Beauty in a late number of the JOURNAL—why should we not also give place to illustrations of the Power of Deformity? Surely, there is power in the attribute, else there is no truth in repulsions, and inharmonious social ordinances, and physical deviations from the general order existent in Nature. Aesthetically considered, the negative quality of deformity admits of very many *per contras*, some of which we shall take a future occasion to suggest; but, *practically* regarded, we have too much proof of the positive character of the attribute, to doubt our senses. Let us seek a few homely illustrations:

There was a time when leg-of-mutton sleeves, huge bonnets, and high heels, were considered the height of beauty. Are they so now? Let a lady appear in the costume of our mothers, and the cry would immediately be raised, "absurd!" "monstrous!" "ugly!" "deformed!" And this, when balloon-skirts and pigmy milliner-shops for the head are all the style! Ten years hence, let a woman appear in the dress of to-day, and who doubts of the hoot (possibly, *whoop*!) with which she would be greeted? Bustles, as big as dromedary sacks, were the *rage* a few years, and were called "beautiful," though sensible people did say, if God had created woman with a natural excrecence as big as the fashionable appendage, she would have shrunk from society with the instinct of a deformed creature. Ah! it is all in the "public taste" in these *minor* matters, as social economists are pleased to call such changes in our likes and dislikes; and beauty and deformity are merely convenient words to express what is "in style," and what is not. It must be owned such an interpretation is a sad perversion of terms.

But down deep in our souls is a sense that appreciates relations and attributes with an intuition which, after all, guides us in our more serious moods; and to its impulses we owe much of our present happiness and future glory. It is the power, not only to discover good and evil, beauty and deformity, but to trace their

relationships, and to appropriate as much of each as will serve to give individuality to our character, and make up the record of our lives. This faculty of appropriation is called *taste*; but the word has too little significance applied to the idiosyncracies of character, and our language needs some term to express that combination of likes and dislikes, of active qualities and generic affinities, which marks and distinguishes man from man.

A friend of ours has a picture—a face only. It is marked, and scarred, and lined, until it is hard to discern what was the original expression of the features. "That is a bad face," says one. "Monstrous!" says another. "Why do you have it here?" says a third. "Because I like to look at and to study it," says the genial, loving man to whom the portrait belongs. His visitors go away with the impression that his taste is very *outré* and morbid. But our friend is right. The very deformity of these features has a history, from which the close student will not fail to read of terrible hand-to-hand combats, sabre strokes, and bullet wounds; the lines around the mouth and eyes have another history, wherein may be read a loving heart, genial soul, mind fitted for intense enjoyment; while over all is cast the veil of a great sorrow, which gives distance and awe to the picture. That man was a loving father, blest with a peaceful fireside, which the enemy invaded—the mother was ravished, and died, and the house was consumed with the incendiary torch. The father's soul was aroused to its most terrible emotions, and he vowed an Avenger's service to his country. Ah! the deeds of fury that heart and that hand wrought in the hour of battle. Men looked on in wonder and admiration, and honors fell fast upon the soldier, which he thankfully received; for did they not give him more power to wreak revenge. A general's baton at length was placed in his hands, and yet he rode to battle, leading his columns. Upon his last charge he sent the words, "Home! Wife! Children!" along the ranks, and the talisman nerved those hearts of steel to deeds of wondrous valor on that day. The noble father fell in the front of battle, and was borne, mortally wounded, to his tent. As he sat up in bed, with his torn plumes and besmeared garments around him, the artist caught his features, now lit up by a joy which an eagle must feel as it reaches